

As often as we cate. By th'Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: He potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the diuell.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
With onely suffering staine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it telfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Custome gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
(Tis South the City Mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spur on my iourney.

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall haue Newes to night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not *Martius*.

Sicini. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicini. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Brut. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?

Brut. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.

Sicini. Especially in Pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th'right hand File, do you?

Both. Why? ho ware we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience:

Giue your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpees are many, or else your actions would growe wondrous single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour suruey of your good selues. Oh that you could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of vndermeriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicini. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in fauouring the first complaint, hasty and Tindler-like vpon, to triuall motion: One, that conuerfes more with the Burrocks of the night, then with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Licor gusser*), if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat aduerfly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Affe in compound, with the Maior part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you haue good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beesome Conspicuities gleane out of this Charrafter, if I be knowne well enough too.

Brut. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither mee, your selues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forer-feller, and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chauce to be pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mumm-mers, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismissthe the Controuersie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so honourable a graue, as to stiffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be incomb'd in an Affes Packe-saddle; yet you must be saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Dencalion*, though peraduenture some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hang-men. Godden to your Worships, more of your conuersation would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of the Beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Brut. and Sicini.

Aside.

Enter

Enter Voluina, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were shee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes so fast?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approaches: for the loue of *Iuno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee:

Volum. *Martius* comming home?

Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very house reele to night:

A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it giues me an Estate of seuen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The most soueraigne Prescription in *Galen*, is but Emperick quique; and to this Preseruatiue, of no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not haue been so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Corioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate posselt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Menen. True? Ile be sworne they are true: where is hee wounded, God saue your good Worships? *Martius* is comming home: hee ha's more cause to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volum. It's Shoulder, and it's left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: hee receiued in the repulse of *Tarquin* seuen hurts it's Body.

Menen. One it's Neck, and two it's Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie fine Wounds vpon him.

Menen. Now it's twentie seuen; euery gash was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpers.

A shout, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Vshers of *Martius*:

Before him, hee carries Noyse;

And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:

Death, that darke Spirit, in
Which being aduanc'd, do

A Sennet.

*Enter Cornilius the General
tweene them Coriolanus
Garland, with
diets, and*

Herauld. Know Rome, t
Within Corioles Gates:
With Fame, a Name to C
These in honor followes C
Welcome to Rome, reno

All. Welcome to Rome
Coriol. No more of thi
now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your
Coriol. Oh! you haue,
for my prosperitie.

Volum. Nay, my good
My gentle *Martius*, wor
And by deed, atchieuing
What is it (*Coriolanus*) m
But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious fil
Would'st thou haue laugh
That weep't to see me tri
Such eyes the Widowes i
And Mothers that lacke S

Menen. Now the Gods
Com. Oh! lue you yet
Volum. I know not wh
Oh welcome home: and w
And y'are welcome all.

Menen. A hundred tho
I could weepe, and I coul
I am light, and heauie; w
A Curse begin at very roo
That is not glad to see the
You are three, that Rome
Yet by the faith of men,
Some old Crab-trees her
That will not be grafted i
Yet welcome Warriors:
Wee call a Nettle, but a M
And the faults of fooles, b

Com. Euer right.
Cor. *Menenius*, euer, e
Herauld. Giue way th
Cor. Your Hand, and y
Ere in our owne house I d
The good Patricians must
From whom I haue receiui
But with them, change of
Volum. I haue liued,
To see inherited my very
And the Buildings of my
Onely there's one thing
Which (I doubt not) but
Will cast vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mo
I had rather be their seru
Then sway with them in
Com. On, to the Capit
E